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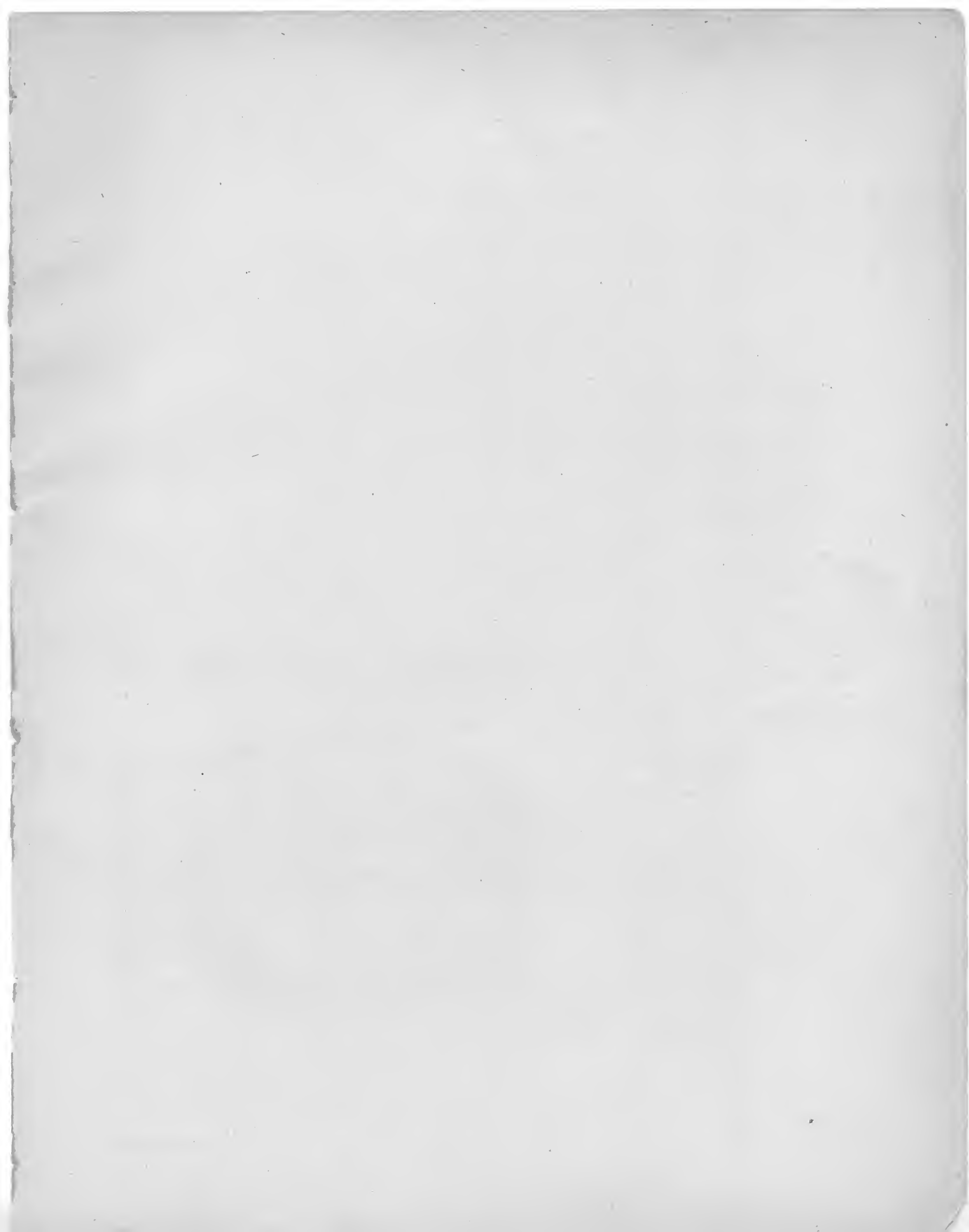


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LINA ANTON.
PIANISTE.

MONTHLY RECEPTION

OF THE

ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB, JANUARY 12, '82.

PROF. HALSEY C. IVES, HOST.



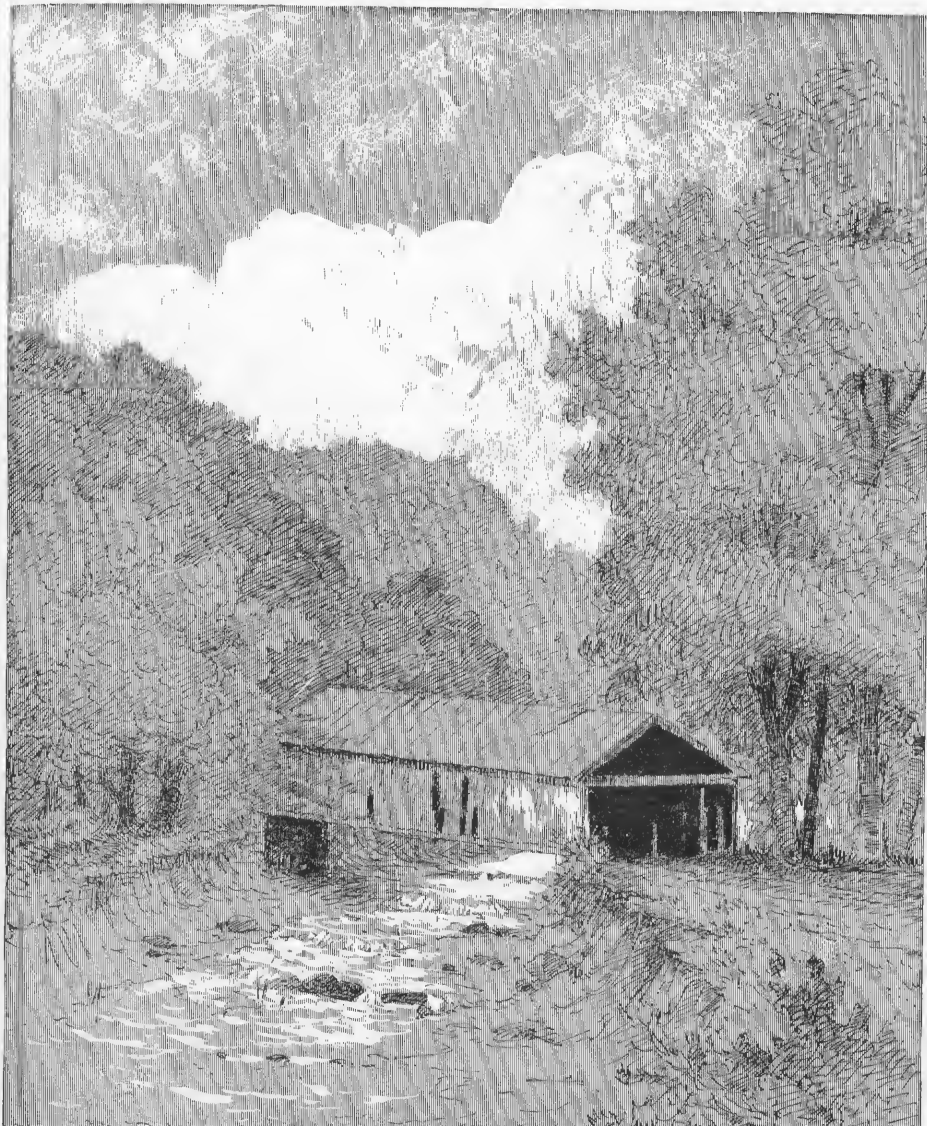
SPRING FLOWERS.

THE second reception of the Sketch Club, since the memorial rugwarming in December, was given in January, under the direction of Prof. Halsey C. Ives, of Washington University. The weather was anything but favorable for a large attendance, as the rain poured down in torrents, and an icy cold wind swirled and whistled down the streets with a shrill vehemence that warned the people who were comfortably housed and sheltered from the blast not to venture forth upon an unequal contest with the blustering elements. The night was one of those terrible gloomy periods of time when

Nature seems to feel aggrieved at the invasion of man, and momentarily vent her wrath upon the heads of the benighted wayfarers. The Pluvian visitation, with its chilling accompaniment of frost and sleet, provided a moment when the snug and cozy recesses of some remote club room are hailed with cheer by the lonely bachelor, who greets the bright blaze and the cheery countenances of boon companions with a fervor and warmth that appears doubly endowed with friendship from its contradistinction to the baneful fury of the howling tempest. Such a night was that on which the members of the sketch club and their numerous friends were solicited to reunite in the monthly conclave and contribute to the evening's entertainment with selections from their sketch books. The attendance of active members and invited guests was large, despite the elementary disturbance, as those who have ever

attended the receptions can invariably be relied upon to repeat their visits with very little provocation or any extraordinary inducement beyond the card of invitation. According to the club code, the contributions are limited to a certain number, but on this occasion the rule was waived, in order to admit two score sketches, etchings and paintings that possessed indubitable merit beyond the claim of the ordinary, which aspired for fame.

Ernest Monnier contributed a beautiful water color, consisting of poppies and butterflies, called "Spring Flowers." It shows that the artist took considerable pains with his subject, for the work is very delicate and handsomely treated; the colors appear as fresh as if the flowers had actually blossomed out on the plate they were painted on.



OLD BRIDGE ON WOOD RIVER, ILLINOIS.

Sketch by J. R. Meeker.

J. R. Meeker, with his artistic judgment, presented an oil sketch from Wood River, Illinois. The prospect is signally beautiful and the combination of objects in picturesque

juxtaposition there shown can rarely be discovered in like harmonious proximity. The principal features are an aquatic foreground, a brief intermediary of wooded landscape broken, the introduction of an ancient gable-topped bridge spanning a mountain torrent that bubbles and foams in diminutive cataracts beneath the time discolored piers of the old toll-bridge. In the background appears a bold declivity, whose mountain heights are clothed with an umbrageous shade that gives tone to the otherwise light and sparkling scene.

Charles Holloway contributed "The Trysting Place," in oil. A deep retreat in shady woods, where, amidst a wealth of sombre-tinted leaves and deep hued blossoms, appear the forms of two lovers, who, in the moonlight, can commune softly together, as they reiterate the fondest romance of youth, the tale of two hearts. The subject is very well handled; the pen and ink drawing, which is a fac-simile from the oil sketch, does not detract from the beauty of the original, yet, one should see the original in order to see the real artistic character of this artist's work.

"Drive Dull Care Away, or Cupids on a Lark," by Carl Guthertz. An oil sketch in black and white was equally meritorious, as it was original. The spirit of the picture is communicated at a glance, and the sprightly Bachantes revelling in unbounded freedom, can be imagined, in the portrayal of the artist, to be dancing to the sprightly melody of "We wont go home 'till morning." The sketch also presents a facial allegory, typical of the uncongenial lines of business, when Cupid besieges the haunts and banishes thence every care which would shackle freedom or limit liberty.

Mr. Guthertz is an artist of originality and his sketches are always full of merit. The



THE TRYSTING PLACE.
Sketch by C. Holloway.

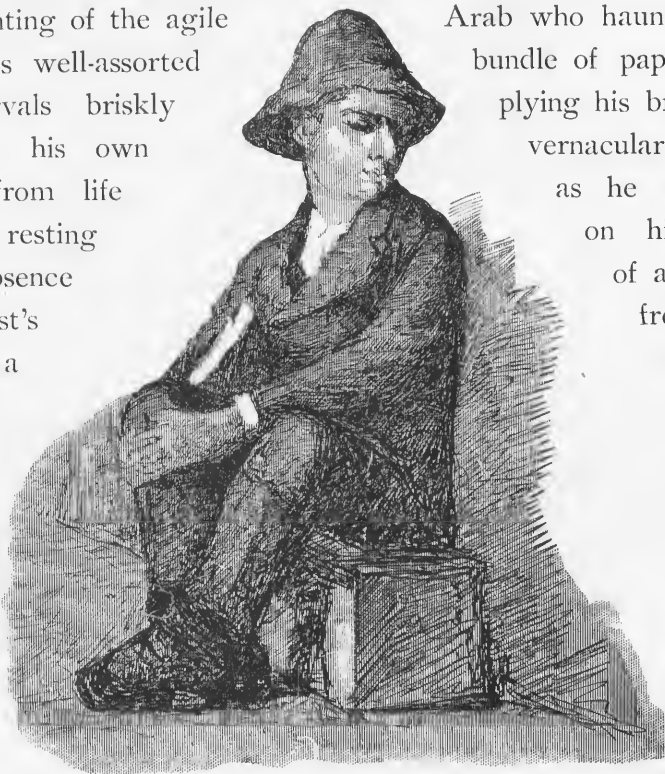
artist also exhibited a beautiful ideal painting, illustrating Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. He has since sent it to the New York Academy of Fine Arts.



DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY, OR CUPIDS ON A LARK.

Sketch by Carl Guthertz.

Paul Harney furnished a glimpse of his strict observation in the production of "The Newsboy." A painting of the agile and night with his well-assorted hours, or at intervals briskly what he calls, in his own The lad is painted from life moment of fatigue, resting forty winks in the absence was one of the artist's day life, and shows a which the artist is elvation in art cir-state here that the McDowell(of which rect artotype, in this this artist, is the portrait painting the studio of a St. full of life, strength artotype by Mr. good.



THE NEWSBOY.

Sketch by Paul E. Harney.

Arab who haunts the sidewalk day bundle of papers during the busy plying his brushes in the art of vernacular, "Shine 'em up sir!" as he was detected in a on his box and stealing of active business. This free sketches in every-strength of art for gaining such a rapid cles. We may also portrait of Dr. John J. we produce a cor-number) painted by best production of ever produced from Louis artist. It is and vigor, and the Benecke is very

Miss Lizzie Sylvester, the only lady member of the club, now studying in New York, was recalled by a pen and ink drawing of a female wanderer, which for want of title, could be designated "The Outcast." The outlines are clearly defined and framed the vague expression of dread, reflected in the eyes to the cringing attitude of the lady, there is that feeling conveyed that of a homeless wayfarer, penniless and destitute, discarded and despised, and now relying upon the charity of a deprecating and insincere world to bestow the alms which her humble garb and famished expression seem to demand.

Will S. Eames donated a pen and ink sketch of a study from life, of a youth in mediæval armor, corselet, buckler, helmet and battle axe. The execution was pronounced excellent. Mr. Eames is a very skilful draftsman and his sketches are always executed with the greatest of care and finish.



THE OUTCAST.

Sketch by Miss Lizzie Sylvester.

J. M. Barnsley who never fails to be represented in the monthly collection, brought a rural scene painted from nature in water colors. The subject was well chosen, as the artist selected a scene displaying a fine vista of forest, and aquatic foliage through a scattering wood, meandered by a sinuous stream that expands and forms a bayou in the foreground.

The pen and ink drawing, which is a facsimile, and very skillfully executed, does not, however give the reader a correct idea of the richness with which the artist has treated this beautiful picture.

G. W. Chambers selection was an oil sketch representing a locomotive departing from the Union Depot. The two colors at the disposition of the artist are adroitly manipulated, and the varying phases and shadows peculiar to railroad life are vividly depicted. The switch lights, the distant gleam of the electric orb, and emerging from encircling eddies of steam the Cyclopean head light of a locomotive that is seen rapidly approaching through the obscuring mist.

The crayon drawing, which is a fac-simile, shows better here than it does in the original, as the subject is better adapted to the crayon sketch.

C. I. Brown offered a pair of pastoral scenes, one of which is reproduced herewith. The main object is the picturesque wind mill of antique construction which is fast lapsing into decay, and presenting in their crumbling ruins a fine opportunity for the study of detail.

There were other sketches and drawings that were equally entitled to the distinction of individual notice, but through the procrastination of the artists in delaying to furnish copies, we give only their names and title of sketch.

Russell Riley contributed a "Summer Scene in Arcadia."

Wm. Schuyler illustrated a Poem very beautifully.

"The frost chain binds the meadow bare,
The dead leaves whirl around
The branches sere, with chilly blare
Fierce winter's trumpets sound;
But let the pale snow-wreaths appear,
The winds their war song sing,
For well I know that soon next year,
Will come the glorious spring.

Now hover round me wasted dreams,
With faces wan and dead,
Who bear midst memory's scattered gleams
The ghosts of hopes long dead.
But let their flight around me thrill,
Their death-chants let them sing,
For well I know, that when I will
My soul shall have its spring."

Ernst Albert presented two very pretty pictures, entitled, "Among the Tropics," and "A Misty Morning."

F. E. Gates presented a well executed oil sketch representing an "Old Mill."

W. L. Marple was represented by a California Sunset, which was greatly praised.

A Landscape, by J. M. Tracy, and the "Brassworker," by J. H. Fry.

An India Ink, by W. R. Hodges, from the frescoes of Fietola, in the Canomo palace at Vienna.



A YOUTH IN MÆDIEVAL ARMOR.

Sketch by W. S. Eames.

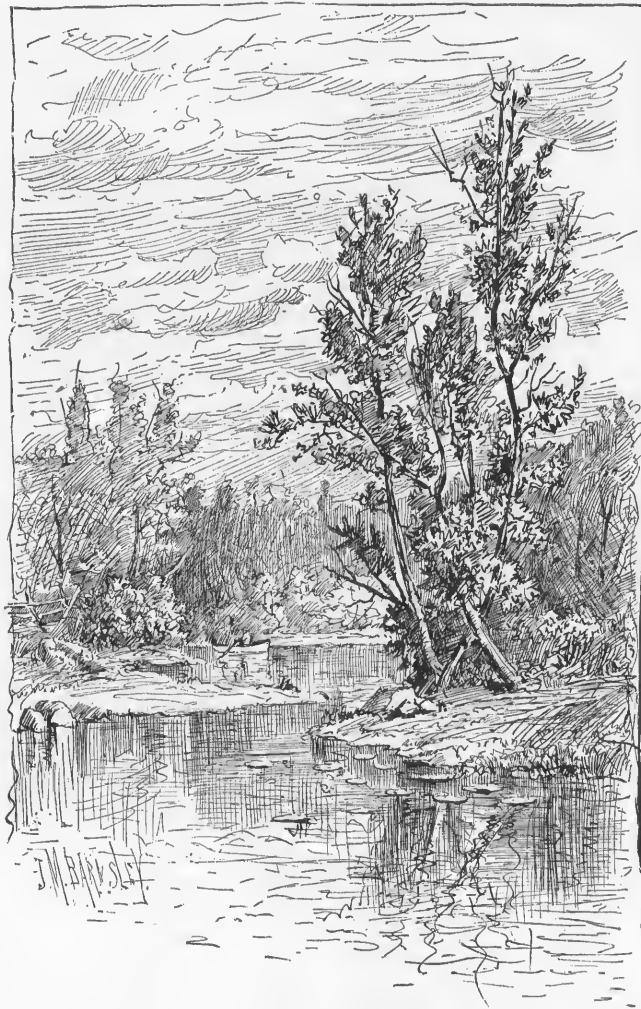
One of the best sketches was "A Fish-House on the Sea Coast," done in water color, by Harry Chase, of New York City.

W. H. Howe, who is studying in Paris, was represented by a Landscape.

Harry Clare contributed a naval scene, showing a gallant man-of-war sailing into port.

At the close of the exhibition the guests were invited to partake of a luncheon, which was followed by an entertainment consisting of humorous recitals, anecdotes, Shakesperean recitations and instrumental music by members of the club. Before adjournment the host made an address, and renounced all claims to the contributions, which became his property according to the rules of the club. He expressed a willingness to part with them for the benefit of the association toward defraying the heavy expenses of fitting up the new quarters. He proposed to deliver them to any member who offered the highest bonus, and opened the bidding with an offer of fifty dollars from a member. The collection of twenty-two pieces was finally knocked down to L. G. W. Wall, of Aug. Gast & Co., for \$150, who has them mounted and framed, and will always look upon them as one of the best investments of his life.

JOHN C. MARTIN.



A RURAL SCENE.

Sketch by J. M. Barnsley.

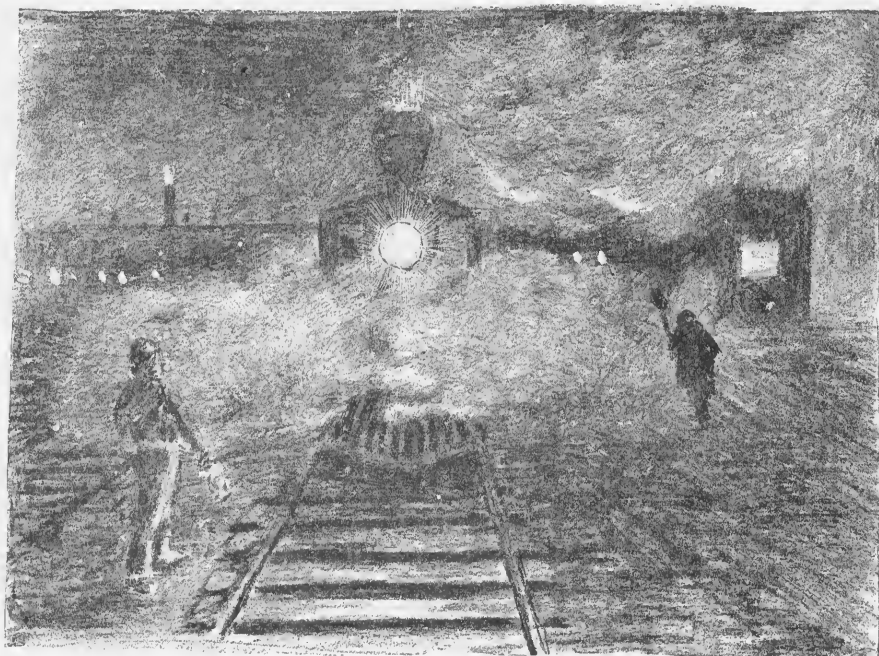
INSPIRATION.

BY NEWTON S. OTIS.

How oft there cometh from the Infinite,
 And findeth lodgment in the poet's heart,—
 Th which, he fain would to the world impart,—
 Most rare conceits with fantasies bedight.
 But when he would to others show this sight,
 Which seems to him, of Paradise, a part,
 He often finds that language has no art
 To give to him the words that tell aright.
 And so he sits aloof; despairing gloom
 And doubts, that he 'mong poets can find room,
 Pervade his breast; when, open wide the gates
 Of heaven are thrown, his yearning soul dilates
 As touched by coals from off God's altar brought—
 Then he can sing the songs his ear hath caught.

Brooklyn, December 10, 1881.

WALKING along Olive street the other day, our attention was arrested by two very beautiful paintings in the windows of Mr. B. E. Thonsson's picture store, 608 Olive Street, the work of Carl C. Brenner, of Louisville, Ky. The best of the two was the "Beachwoods," for which Mr. Brenner is so famous, and of which style he is making a specialty,



AT THE ST. LOUIS UNION DEPOT.

Sketch by G. W. Chambers.



THE WIND MILL.

Sketch by C. I. Brown.

and his success is certain in this line of painting. Standing in the doorway of Mr. Thonsson's store one might imagine they could step right among the trees and walk along and amongst them. The water in the fore ground is very handsomely finished, for it reflects the trees as a looking-glass would reflect our own faces.

The second, "The Rapids of the Cumberland," is of a different character. The distance is very good, and the coloring is excellent, but the rapids do not show life enough. Still, it is a very good companion piece to "The Beachwoods," and whoever becomes the possessor of these two pictures can safely say they have the best work that the artist has sent from his studio.





PAULE, HARNEY, PINX.

Artotype by R. BENECKE.

DR. JOHN J. MCDOWELL.

A SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF DR. JNO. J. McDOWELL,

Late Professor of Anatomy in the St. Louis Medical College.

BY DR. I. N. LOVE.

DR. JNO. J. McDOWELL, the subject of this sketch, was born near Lexington, Ky., on the 16th of February, 1834. His parents removed to St. Louis when he was six years of age, arriving here on the 10th day of March, 1840. From that time up to within a few months of his death, this was his home—more than forty years. He obtained his literary training from the schools of this city, and later from Shurtleff College, at Upper Alton, Illinois. The name of McDowell is intimately connected with the medical profession in the mind of the general public; and a physician who is not familiar with the McDowell name, no matter where he abides, evidences his unfamiliarity with medical science. It is truly a "household word" in the medical world.

Jno. J. McDowell had reason to be very proud of his lineage, being a son of Joseph Nash McDowell (or, as he was familiarly known in St. Louis, "old Dr. McDowell," the founder of the McDowell College, which during the war was known as Gratiot-street Prison, and will soon be referred to as "another old land-mark gone,") and a great nephew of the world-renowned Ephraim McDowell, who originated and executed a surgical operation known as ovariectomy, which establishes him through all time as one of the greatest benefactors of his race. Woman-kind throughout the world should bless the name of McDowell.

His mother, Amanda Virginia McDowell, was a sister of the eminent Dr. Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She was possessed of a bright intellect, sterling integrity, keen moral perceptions, and great strength and decision of character. The writer well remembers a picture of this mother which for many years he saw hanging within the home of Dr. Hodgen. The face was a very impressive one, and one could well imagine it as typical of a Spartan mother. When he recalls to his mind's eye the features of that face, he does not wonder that Jno. McDowell was a remarkable man, for even though he had never been

Faithfulness to duty and his friends was his watchword. His word was his bond. He was a most genial companion, and the life of a company.

"A merrier man, within the limit of becoming mirth,
You never spent an hour's talk withal."

He worshipped at the shrine of Izaak Walton. Geo. Dana, John D. Johnson and others of his dearest friends will testify that "he was an honest fisherman;" a frank and manly independence was one of his distinguishing characteristics. "He had a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue was the clapper; for what his heart thought his tongue spake." Policy had no abiding place in his nature.

At a meeting of the medical profession, called to do him honor, after his death, his cousin, Dr. LeGrand Atwood, paid this eloquent and just tribute to his memory:

"Hereditary transmission of admirable qualities was the birthright of our deceased brother, and as freedom of thought evolved the idea of safety in ovariotomy, and courageous conduct demonstrated its successful performance, so independence was the distinguishing trait of John McDowell. From boyhood to the day of his sad death, no consideration of expediency, no politic provision, no pressure nor persuasion biased his speech or conduct. Individuality marked his character, and as he was a gentleman, the expression of his leading trait conveyed no sting, wounded no tender sensibilities, but conveyed the impression of combined gentleness and firmness founded in high-toned principle. Of affectionate and kindly disposition, he endeared himself to relatives and friends, and while a genial companion in happy hours, he was most sympathetic in the day of distress. No one was more charitable in expression and deed. Beloved by his colleagues, the profession at large, the students, and almost idolized by his patients and intimate friends, his death in the prime of life, in the noonday of his usefulness and ambition, has awakened a general sorrow. No more will his brother professors listen to his counsel and advice in the management of a great institution, nor receive his assistance in elevating the standard of medical education. Never again will his professional brethren obtain his wise admonitions and suggestions. The celerity and precision of speech which marked his instructive lectures will not again fill the ears of delighted students in the amphitheatre. His patients "mourn because he is not," while hosts of friends "in camp and court" sorrow over the irreparable loss of one so true and admirable. He was honored during life; being dead, let us cherish his memory."

Dr. Jno. T. Hodgen, his colleague, knew him, man and boy, for over forty years, was his life-long friend, and was loved in return as few men are loved. At the meeting of the profession referred to above, Dr. Hodgen said:

"I wish to awaken the recollection of the society to one prominent trait of the character of John McDowell, or rather to one phase of his life to which their attention has never been called, because he has never uttered a word in reference to it. To my personal knowledge Dr. McDowell has during the last twenty years expended the earnings of his laborious profession in taking care of his relatives who were not in a position to take care of themselves, and of others who were dear to him. It has been the business of his life to

sired by a McDowell, with such a mother, and resembling her as he did, in face and mind, he could not well have been other than a noble and remarkable man. Blood *is* thicker than water, and though the atmosphere and the environment affect the growth, only that can be reaped which is sown. Oaks come from oaks. Eagles don't spring from humming birds, nor lions from lice. Men should remember this, and in wedding seek more than a wife; seek mothers for their children. His uncle, Daniel Drake, attained great reputation as physician, professor and author, and ranked as high in Cincinnati and vicinity as Dr. Joseph N. McDowell did here. The name of Drake is as much a part of the history of the West as that of McDowell.

Ex-Senator Charles D. Drake, of Missouri, was a son of Dr. Daniel Drake, and while many may not be of his political faith, no one will deny his great learning, eminent ability and strong character. He is now Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims at Washington. Jno. McDowell was constantly associated with physicians from his earliest infancy, and while quite young commenced the study of medicine. Residing within or immediately adjacent to the college walls of the Medical Department of the State University, surrounded as he was with anatomical, chemical, pathological and surgical specimens, and being an habitue of the dissecting room from early boyhood, it may be truly said that he absorbed medical science through every pore.

Endowed with good capacity and with favorable surroundings, he earnestly applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge, and graduated with high honors at the Missouri Medical College in 1855. He was immediately appointed to the important position of Demonstrator of Anatomy in his Alma Mater, and held the same till 1862, when that institution was temporarily closed. He was in 1864 appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in the St. Louis Medical College, and in 1867, elected to that position, discharging the arduous duties of the office with singular and remarkable ability. The writer has heard Dr. Hodgen say repeatedly that he considered Jno. McDowell the best Demonstrator of Anatomy he ever knew. Thousands of physicians in the West who received the benefits of his instruction will testify to his remarkable talent as a Demonstrator. He was unanimously elected Professor of Anatomy in the St. Louis Medical College in 1873, and continued as such to the close of his life.

As a medical teacher he was eminently successful, absolutely forcing his bright and pointed thoughts into the brain of the dullest student. He commanded the respect and admiration of his pupils; their hearts went out toward him, and they loved him as a brother. He could do what few men can do gracefully, doff or don his dignity at pleasure. One who ever heard him "rattle off" a demonstration of the brain, immediately following it by an amusing anecdote, told in his inimitable manner, can appreciate the truth of this statement. As a physician he was successful to a remarkable degree—securing a large and very remunerative practice—his patients being strongly attached to him; in fact, not one man in ten thousand had so strong a hold upon his patients. His taste and talent took him largely in the direction of surgery as a specialty.

be engaged in acts of charity, of which he never breathed a word. Twenty-five thousand, possibly fifty thousand dollars, of his earnings must have been expended in this way. In recent years all of his income has been expended in this way—in taking care of his brothers and sisters, and their children, and he has been the support, to a certain extent, of a very deserving family, not his own, but one to whom he was under an obligation. Dr. McDowell was in every respect an honest man, honest in his dealings with the profession, and with the public, and honest to his patients.

As a boy, Jno. McDowell commanded the attention of those with whom he came in contact, and this characteristic grew with his growth. Even the casual observer was attracted by him. Independent, outspoken and almost blunt, as he was at times he had hosts of friends, and strange to say literally no enemies. His ingenuous frankness disarmed criticism. His generosity was boundless. The writer knew him intimately for years as preceptor, friend and business associate, and during all the years of his intimacy never observed an unmanly act, an ungenerous thought, but every thing suggestive of the greatest nobility of character.

He was incapable of a small action,
 " His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man!* "

Dr. McDowell never married, and frequently expressed himself as being glad that he had wedded his profession instead of a wife, as he was thus enabled to give it his undivided attention, and to help others.

In the year 1879, that dread disease tubercular consumption manifested itself in his lung. He made preparations for an European trip, but prior to his departure an opportunity presented itself for helping others, and as usual he availed himself of it. The money intended for his trip abroad was devoted to relatives. He continued in the harness until November when he was stricken down with a dangerous hæmorrhage of the lung. After rallying, in a very precarious condition he went south, hoping to regain his strength and health. But his efforts were futile, "the golden bowl was broken." He remained a few weeks and wearily wended his way homeward. Stopping at Hot Springs, Ark., to visit his only surviving brother, Dr. Drake McDowell, who was also an invalid, he soon realized that the "beginning of the end" had come. On the 27th day of March, 1880, at 1:20 A. M., attended by his brother Drake (who has since died), and his faithful and loving friend Dr. Hodgen, "he drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around all the world."

The artotype which accompanies this sketch is a copy of a portrait painted by Mr. Paul E. Harney of this city, and presented by the Almuni Association of the St. Louis Medical College to the Faculty of their Alma Mater. The picture will hang in the College Amphitheatre, where the original so long and lovingly labored, and if those who sit upon those benches through the coming years labor as honestly and faithful and lovingly as did Jno. McDowell, their reward will surely come.

SHE HAS GONE LIKE A DREAM.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

VARIETIES.

I REMEMBER well that when I was a child I used to hear mysterious voices! Whence came they? I know not; but they sounded so soft and harmonious that I thought them the echo of angelic choirs, for from my tenderest infancy my thoughts were always directed towards God, even when but a BABE. Lying in my mother's arms, she spoke to me of His goodness, of His love for little children, of the splendor of His court, the seraphims and cherubims who surround His throne, while eternally singing His praises! Then again I would think that these voices came from some other world which I had at one time inhabited; for they enchanted without surprising me. They seemed to come from a world from which I was at present estranged, but which I was once more to see; for in my thoughts it was the fatherland of little children, and the gathering place of the old, on their journey through life! I experienced a mysterious sensation, as if I myself had come from heaven, but from a material heaven, like the Oriental's Eden, or the terrestrial Paradise of Christians, and that I had preserved some inner memory, some definite remembrance, though a little obscure, of that bright sojourn! Every one experiences perhaps this feeling, or something similar to it. It may be that it was some malady of the brain which would gradually have led me on to madness, if God in His mercy had not relieved me, or it was perhaps the effect of the beauties of nature: the majestic ocean, the fragrant and mysterious woods, the sinking of the sun at evening in the ocean, the ever-changing clouds, the singing of the birds, the blue depths and stars of the firmament—in a word, all the wonders which surround us—which reacted on my imagination after having caught my eye, and impressed my soul; or it was perhaps some majestic influence, inexplicable, yet natural; a reflex or a consequence of the love of my mother which filled my heart with bliss inaffable, and my brain with delicious reveries; and which I mistook for memories of heaven; or yet again it might have been my soul awakening to life, and beating its feeble wings towards the first rays which seemed to offer it warmth and security. These thoughts were then perhaps its first efforts, its first signs of life.

Having grown old before my time, I often think of those days. I have questioned

little children as to whether they, too, have heard the voices, but none of them seemed to understand me! But why bestow even a look upon unfathomable depths? These voices came perhaps from the immaterial sphere where the Divinity plans and revises, and where mortals lose their original innocence, it may be that their soul becomes blind and obscure; that is to say, that God shuts out from their view the avenues of heaven, to deprive them of the sight of that superior world which their regards would then profane!

* * * *

WE lived in an old castle on the sea coast, called "*Le Veillons!*" That name evokes a whole "epopée" in the memories of the country, and awakens in my heart many regrets! More than one legend, handed down from generation to generation, from the time of the middle ages, is told at night by the old people about the chimney corner; and the younger ones learn to repeat later on to their little children how the old traditions form, as it were, a halo around the old fortress, and also why its name became a motto. This noble ruin, of a time which is no more, draped with ivy, as a soldier wrapped in his mantle, having on its whole exterior a sad and desolate aspect, overlooked on one side the ocean and on the other a sombre forest of pines. Looking from the terrace, or even from the first story (which was the only one used by the family) it would seem as if the sun rose for our eyes only, and that when the night came the stars shone in the firmament only to shed their light on us. My pride and my reveries owed their origin perhaps to this grand solitude, the murmuring of the trees, the fretting of the sea on the beach, the dazzling brilliancy of the days, and the serenity of the nights!

Be this as it may, I always lent a ready and attentive ear to those mysterious sounds which I have named "*voices.*" I might anxiously await the hour for retiring at night in order to find myself in solitude and silence, for it was always then that I heard them best. Then again, in the depths of the forest I would throw myself down on the grass, close my eyes and call forth my reveries, or my memories, they would rush forth as readily as the Genius at the command of *Merwin*. And while the horizon seemed to fade from my view, while the earth seemed covered with flowers of wonderful beauty, while immense portals opened to disclose to my view glimpses of another world, while the air seemed impregnated with intoxicating perfumes, while floods of harmony rolled in the valleys, slowly ascended the hills and mountains, until finally ending in melodious sighs, they lost themselves in the etherial firmament. Then I felt as if I was transported high above the earth, and gently rocked, as it were, to and fro, in this delicious medium, to describe which no one word seems so fitting as celestial, as there is really no word in our language to describe what I felt.

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When these fits of ecstasy lasted for some time, (and I found them far too charming to wish to shorten them) they would be uneasy at Veillons, and send some one in search of me, and when my mother would gently chide me for having lingered away from her for so long a time, I would excuse myself by saying, that I had fallen asleep in the woods. For not even my mother herself would I have dared to confide that which, in my thoughts rested between God and myself!

On one of those days when I had stayed into the forest, I felt very thirsty, and directed

my steps towards a spring, which I well knew, as it was situated in one of the wildest and most picturesque paths of the woods. It had its legend as well as the castle. It was held in awe by the peasants, as the water trickled out from a crevice in the rock, at the bottom of which one could hear strange noises, which sounded like sobs. On this account the place was always deserted, and for that reason I visited it frequently.

I was stooping down to drink from the basin of granite which had been hollowed out by the waterfall, when I perceived next to mine another childish face reflected in the water, near mine, looking at me, a beautiful smile came over its face.

It is impossible for me to express how calm and beautiful that face appeared to me what soft eyes, and what a noble, candid brow it seemed to possess. I was at that time about ten years old, and She, my companion, seemed to be of the same age.

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WE became inseparable, She adapted herself so easily to all my fancies. She was always laughing so gaily and harmoniously, and suggesting to me a thousand mischievous pranks! And when we had committed some grave fault, her usual look of maliciousness became so soft and entreating, it possessed so much gentleness and eloquence when begging forgiveness, that my mother and even my father, were disarmed, and incapable of scolding us, they would fondly embrace me and smile upon her, for it was always *she* whom they accused of leading me into mischief, and as that mischief was never of a very serious nature, they accused her in order to excuse me, without meaning her the slightest harm. And for a long time even strangers followed the example of my parents. For as I have said, her eyes were so frank and winning, her smile so artless and kind, and her brow so pure, that it was impossible not to love her.

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IN the meantime I was advancing in years, and we were not living in the days of chivalry, when the sole employment of a gentleman consisted in adroitly wielding the lance. I found that I must now instruct myself, and my companion gladly joined me in my labors; she was so enthusiastic, so assiduous, and showed such a thirst for knowledge, that animated probably with a spirit of emulation, I applied myself so zealously to mysteries that I almost became a *savant*. When, ignorant of life, yet having some book-knowledge, we arrived on the threshold of the social world, and saw before us that bewildering crowd called "Society" opening before our view and welcoming us with a smile, I turned to her and said—"What shall we now do?"

"All that thou wishest;" she replied, "for I belong wholly to thee, and thou must have perceived e're this, that I am somewhat of a fairy! Demand of me all that thou mayest desire, and I promise to grant thy wish. Wilt thou choose the myrtle crown of the poet, the laurel crown of the soldier? Wilt thou be a judge or a legislator? Dost thou wish to possess the gardens of Horace, and fill thy hives with honey distilled by the bees of Hymethe? Wilt thou blend thy voice to the concert of the birds, to the murmur of the rippling brook, to the canticles of Nature, and to the hymns of the Seraphines, to sing the praises of the Most High? Wilt thou have the grand struggles of an Augustine, the triumphs

of a Cicero, or the wisdom of a Plato? Speak then, and choose! All paths are open, and all heights accessible, to thee, for thy life will be a long one, and my power is great!"

Family traditions influenced me, and I chose the army!

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At twenty I fought my first duel, the necessity of defending myself perhaps less than the pride and anger which I read in the eyes of the companion of my infancy, caused me to kill my adversary. The terrible conventionalities of the "code of honor," whose livery I wore, since I was a soldier, directed my aim; but immediately after the murder, a nervous trembling seized upon me, and *she* losing some of her sternness, forgetting her pride, and the injury which had provoked our combat, murmured in my ear; Oh! sooner than be the victor, why are you not the victim? and from that evil day a deep furrow appeared on her brow.

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NEVERTHELESS she caused me soon to forget that terrible event.

We traversed those delicious gardens which fortune opens to the steps of youth, large arenas of the world where one treads at first on verdant grass, enamelled with daises and buttercups, and perfumed with a delicate odor of hidden violets, and of thyme spreading out in large tufts, in a word, with all the glory with which nature decks her virginal robe. Everything here is pure, for it is the world as it comes fresh from the hand of God. It is the emblem of innocence, the earth of primitive ages; the waves of the rivulet are as limpid and transparent as crystal, and reflect only the azure skies. All the plants are perfumed, and by their elegance and grace attest the fact of their divine origin! Further on as one advances, the flowers become more perfumed, and of a brighter hue, but their perfume is more intoxicating, and the velvet of their petals like their brilliant coloring, seem made for senses less perfect, for imaginations less poetical, and souls less pure. The basin of porphyry, the marble statues the voluptuous shade of groves made by man, take the place of the obscurity of the forest and the monuments erected by some other power, and replace the charming mosaics in the bed of the streamlet, and then after gardens of Armida, after these long allays on which is lavished all the wealth and imagination of men, comes a law that is all burnt up, as it were, sterile and rocky mountains, which seem to penetrate unattainable heights, and the aspect alone, of whose steep incline is discouraging! Here and there, ruins are crumbling to the ground, in this desolate land, to the songs of the birds, to the murmur of the fountains in their basins of marble, or of alabaster, succeeded strange noise, the rustling in the thick flowerless underbrush, filled with reptiles, the hard, dry sound as of the clashing together, of the scales of hidden serpents, and when one strikes his foot, against the shaft of a broken column, beneath the trailing vines, a sinister, whistling sort of noise is heard, and serpents are seen, fleeing in all directions! As in the desert are seen heaps of stones, erected, to show the road to caravans and to pilgrims, so here, are seen

bones, bleached by the rays of the sun or by the teeth of wild beasts! But let us not anticipate!

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I was, I have said, twenty years old, and a descendant of those valiant and robust knights who crushed at one blow of their battle axes a helmet's crest, or cleft a head, to the very teeth. And I brought to my pleasures, or more properly to my misconduct, the same impetuosity, which they had brought to the accomplishment of their greatest feats.

During my childhood, I had traversed the zone which I have described, and at twenty, surfeited with perfumes, weary of sinful enjoyments, I hastened towards those gardens filled with shady arbors, and plants sometimes venomous, yet always artistically cultivated. I drank at all the fountains, I dipped my lips in all the basins, I ran from one to the other of those wanton statues. I held them close in my arms and embraced them with ardor. I had arrived, alas! without having met a single soul, without having caused one heart to beat for me, to that sterile country, the desolation of which I have described. Then paused, hesitating, exhausted and disenchanted. At that moment I looked absently at the companion of my childhood, and she appeared very pale.

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BUT I did not pause at this first revelation of her weariness. Passion renders one selfish, and often cruel! Other hopes, and new desires had taken possession of my heart, and I rushed forward, on the career which opened before me. Desolate, and sad as it was, I traversed it with enthusiasm. My step had become heavier, and my breath came hard and quick, but I went courageously forward with eyes raised on high, or to those heights where I flattered myself, I would find those pleasures, of which in my journey so far I had only embraced the shadows. For all the fruits which I had plucked contained but ashes, and all the hands which I had pressed, had retained their icy touch.

The flowers whose odor I had inhaled, eagerly absorbed the oxygen of the air, and the perfume which they gave in exchange was saturated with carbon, or, poisoned! But there, on high, I hoped at last to find those ineffable joys which everyone dreams of, and looks for, in seeking for pleasure. So I went forward! The way was long, and every step that we made rendered it more difficult, and more perilous; but what mattered it to my courage, or rather to my ardor! My friend who followed me painfully, so quickly did I hasten my steps, asked me: "Let us pause, I am exhausted!" I regarded her with a look of anger and disdain, and redoubled my haste, without pity for her weakness and weariness. We were at the foot of the steep and rugged mountain, the summit of which I had resolved to reach, and I had already commenced the ascent, when for the second time my companion entreated me to stop, saying: "Have pity on me! I have always been kind and accommodating for thee, but I can go no farther!" I smiled scornfully, wiped my brow which was dripping with perspiration, and continued my journey, without even condescending to answer her. We now approached the summit of the mountain, when she, whom I dare no

more call "*my friend*," stopped. "Walk on!" I cried to her. But when she raised her beautiful, supplicating eyes without attempting to move—"I wish it!" I added in anger, and raising my hand threateningly; and as she still remained immovable, I struck her brutally. Standing around the entrance of a grotto, (which looked like a resort of assassins), were women with shoulders outrageously bared, with cheeks besmeared with red and white, with bold gestures and cynical looks. Near them stood young men with eyes dulled by drunkenness and debaucheries; together they formed an infamous group. They loudly applauded my cowardice, and dare I own it? I accepted with pride their shameful "bravos"! But *she* turned towards me her poor, sweet face, alas! sadly altered now! Two large tears coursed down her cheeks, paled by watching, grown thin and faded through fatigue and suffering. And she once more resumed her way without uttering a word.

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ONE last effort brought us to that summit which I had resolved to gain. But all my fatigues, all my cares, all my cruelties, procured for me but a bitter deception. It was on these heights that my last illusions forsook me, seeming to take wings and fly away, falling one by one, as it is said, the poor birds fell, asphyxiated, which attempted to fly over the poisoned waters of the Arvernus.

A large plateau, entirely desolate, without one inhabitant, without one flower, without a wisp of grass, was spread out before us. Weary clouds shut out from my view, the valley which we had traversed. A deathly silence reigned in this solitude, and the stones calcinated by the fierceness of rays without light, burned my feet. After having vainly tried to fathom with a look, the ocean of vapour which rolled in the West, those gray waves overhanging the gardens which I was never again to see; after calling several times into those lower depths, and having my appeal remain unanswered, my looks scanned the horizon, and this is what I saw in the East.

Far off in the distance, towards the region of the dawn, towered another mountain, but covered with verdure. Its summit was luminous, and sparkled like a gigantic glacier: but it could not be confounded with one of those diadems of great mountains. Far higher, and above it, was an immense triangle, on which I could read the name "Jehovah," and it was the radiance of this august name which transfigured the mountain with its dazzling brilliancy. Numerous pilgrims, of all ages, but all clothed in vestments of immaculate purity, seemed to be ascending the long slope of that other Sinai. I saw then that it was I who had strayed.

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I turned to my companion, showing her the other mountain so different from the one which we had just ascended. "Oh!" said I, "you have deceived me." "Do not accuse me," she replied in that harmonious voice of hers, which was now so weak that it filled me with dismay, "do not reproach me, for I have only obeyed you." "And I die from it," she added

with an effort; and she sank to the ground, with a sigh so full of suffering, that it awakened in my heart all our dear memories of other times. I fell on my knees beside *her*. I caught her hands in mine—they were already cold; I wiped the sweat from her brow; I strove to find some hope in her eyes, but in them I saw nothing but the approach of death.

Then it was I felt remorse, and sobs gathering in my breast; anguish wrung my heart and seized me at the throat and face, and a flood of tears rose to my eyes, like a sea wave breaking through the dykes. Nevertheless I could say to her, taking her in my arms, and pressing her upon my breast with that ardor peculiar to last embraces. "Are you then going to leave me?" "I am dying!"

"So soon!" I cried out in my despair—and once more becoming tender and affectionate, as in the happy days of our childhood—I asked her, "before leaving, reveal to me thy name?" "I was thy YOUTH," she replied with a smile, full of poignant sorrow, as are all our last farewells." And saying this she expired.

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I descended the mountain with bent brows, or to speak more truly, with head bent beneath the weight of my sorrow and remorse. The path which I followed was narrow and difficult, bordered with precipices, and often obstructed by immense boulders of rock, over which I was obliged to climb with great effort, or turn and walk on the brink of the precipices, the depths of which I was afraid to look into, for fear of being seized with dizziness. Beyond, I perceived, half enveloped in the mist of the distant horizon, wood and meadows, which brought back to my mind those through which I had traveled with my friend; but they had no more for me the same aspect. Since I had lost the companion of my childhood everything seemed to possess for me a dull, grayish, half effaced look as it were. I yet felt my heart beating in my breast, but in it I experienced no more emotions, I coveted nothing, desired nothing; my imagination itself seemed paralyzed, by, I know not what heavy weight, which pressed on my brain, bruising my heart, and leaving my spirit steeped in that twilight peculiar to the long night of the tomb, that night made up of silence, of forgetfulness and of darkness, in which is buried all that once had life. All this that I experienced, is what I believe, is generally called "disenchantment."

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THE sun was shedding its burning rays on the path which I followed in directing my footsteps towards the luminous mount of which I have spoken, and which I could see no more, since I had descended from the heights on which my *youth* had left me. The heat and fatigue prostrated me, and *discouragement*, that mental torpor which paralyzes the most energetic wills, and tames the most determined resolutions, took possession of me, and seemed to overwhelm me, as the floods from an inundation swell the rivers, and causes them to overflow their banks, submerge the valleys, and rise gradually higher until they cover the hills, showing to the sight but an immense surface, having a flat grayish monotonous look, on which float here and there fragments: Wrecks, a corpse, a dead tree, a few

empty barrels; that is to say, bodies without souls, without passions, forgotten memories or lost illusions!

Nevertheless, I followed painfully my way, and night was drawing on when I reached at last the plain. But there I was forced to stop, because ten roads opened before me, and I did not know which to take.

Among these different roads were some which were shady, like those which I had traveled in days of yore; others abrupt, rocky, and difficult, like the path I had just descended so laboriously; but I looked upon the one with mistrust, and the other with fear, remembering my deceptions and fatigues. I was hesitating there, when I perceived a woman standing at the entrance to one of these roads. This particular one had nothing about it which would have called my attention to it, and it is probably for that reason that I did not notice it until the stranger pointed it out to me by a slow gesture, almost pensive, if I can use the expression. I approached her, and told her whither I wished to go, and inquired of her my road. She listened to me, smiled sadly, and with her hand repeated the same gesture. I was about to obey it and continue my voyage, when, struck by the bitterness of her smile, and the severity of her brow, I was seized with a feeling of curiosity which prompted me to ask her: "Who art thou?" "I am called '*Experience*,'" she replied, "and God has placed me here to indicate the road to travelers who may have strayed on their journey." "Ah!" cried I, "why did I not meet thee sooner?"

She pointed out to me the sun which was sinking in the horizon, the clouds which tinged with black the first shades of night, and with a voice as grave as her look was cold, and her slow gesture, she said: "I am like '*Polaris*,' the star which guides the pilgrims on the desert, the mariners on the ocean. I appear to man only at night."

THE LAST MINSTREL.

INSCRIBED TO THE LATE ADOLPH E. KROEGER.

Unstring the harp; the minstrel's song is mute,
Death's cruel spell for aye hath bound his tongue.
Deep shrouded in the silence of the grave
The melodies which yet remain unsung.

His hand was wont to sweep the mighty strings
Which few had dared to touch. The mystic lays
He drew from out the Minnesinger's harp
Recalled the magic power of elder days.

Touch not the harp; the strings have snapped with grief.
A last vibration quivered on the night,
As he, the youngest child of Minnesing,
Unto the realms of Song took silent flight.

THEODORE HARRIS.

THE DRAMA.

THE attractions at the theatres for the past two weeks have been of lighter order of amusements, introducing the spectacular and highly sensational. At Pope's the Kiralfy Brothers' revival of the Black Crook filled the auditorium and lobby of that popular house at advanced prices. The ballet, led by M^{lle} De Rossa and Bazzaro, was one of the finest ever seen in this city, both in skill and appearance.

There is nothing more pleasing to the eye than the graceful motion of a beautiful woman moving through the intricate figures of a grand ballet. There were twenty such women with the Kiralfy party, wonderfully endowed by nature, and made lithe and supple by careful training and persistent practice.

The acrobatic feats of the Rinaldor or "modern Majeltons" were unequalled by anything ever seen in this country.

The Tyrolean songs of the well-known Martens and the other specialties introduced never failed of hearty recalls. The dramatic part of the work, with perhaps the exception of one or two very minor parts, was thoroughly done.

In addition to the excellence of the people and the new and novel dances of the ballet, there was magnificent scenery painted by the best artists in the profession, drops that the competent scenic artist, Ernest Albert pronounced works of art in their effectiveness. The splendid patronage is therefore not a matter for wonder.

This week, Miss Kate Claxton in her popular role of Louise in the "Two Orphans," also "Frou-Frou" and the "Double Marriage." The work of this lady is too well known to need much comment, and none but most favorable is deserved. The support, in the main, is good. Mr. Stevenson, a fine looking fellow, as Jacqu, is hardly forcible enough, and lacks the bitter laugh that Rankin made such a feature of the part. Miss Vaders as Henriette is excellent. The Frouhard is the best we have seen.

At the Peoples, the Big Four and Leavett's Specialty Companies have held the boards. These do not differ materially from the variety shows in general. This house will probably be in the field earlier this summer and secure a better lot of attractions for the next season. The business, however, has been all that could be expected.

At the Grand Opera House, McKee Rankin in '49 drew large houses. The play is melo-dramatic; thoroughly western. The story is of the search for a lost heiress, who is supposed to have survived the Mountain Meadow slaughter. She is found in the person of Carrotts, a wild romp and friend of '49. The play opens and closes in St. Louis. This week Annie Pixley in M^{lis}, another singing soubrette and a prime favorite with lovers of the Western drama. The current attractions will be followed by McCullough at the Opera House. "Muldoon's Blunders" at the Peoples and Katie Schratt at Pope's. LISLE.

MUSIC MUST BE MADE FASHIONABLE TO SUCCEED.

ANTOINE RUSH RIVET.

WHAT a good thing it would be to have a permanent self-supporting orchestra of ninety or one hundred men, and have weekly concerts, summer and winter. A city of the size of ours ought to have several, and it is indeed humiliating to acknowledge we have none. Chicago possesses two, Cincinnati three, Boston four or five, New York almost double that number. The St. Louis Musical Union, under the direction of August Waldauer, is only a winter organization, and for an exclusively few—three hundred and fifty subscribers and their families. In a month or so the last concert of the series will be given. What next? Mr. Louis Mayer, the able 'celloist in the Union, will then resurrect the St. Louis Grand Orchestra of thirty or thirty-five men, and will then do as last summer, play at Schnaider's Garden. Even in this primitive mode of giving concerts with an incomplete orchestra is not profitable. It was not last summer, why? Because the comic operas given by the Ford Company at Uhrig's Cave proved a better attraction. I confess myself, that in my vibrations between Schnaider's and Uhrig's, that I had a penchant to linger longer at the latter than at the former place; notwithstanding the lectures I would get for my back-sliding from my philosophical friend Louis Mayer, and my good adviser, P. G. Anton. The music of the two gardens was as different as night and day. The grand orchestra strived to give works from some of the best composers acceptably, and Mr. Mayer worked hard in composing and arranging, as well as rehearsing and directing, while the music of Uhrig's was "wishy-washy," as everybody knows, it being a little else save ear tickling, as the comic operas given were Billy Taylor, Olivette, Mascotte and Patience. People liked the warbling of Blanche Chapman and the antics of Geo. Denham in preference to the classical strains of Mayer's orchestra, which fact could not be gotten over, that's certain. My friend Anton would say: "Well a circus will always draw. There is nothing in those operas; no fun, and music third class. In fact, the worse the music the more popular it is."

I am digressing from my subject I fear. To return then. There is some little talk of getting Waldauer to keep up the organization he has through the summer. Pressure is, or has been brought to bear to obtain his consent, the musicians joining forces and are willing, nay eager, to enter into such an arrangement, but to no avail. Mr. Waldauer has refused on the ground that he did not have the time, consequently the project to establish a permanent orchestra of even sixty performers falls to the ground for the present. In October

next the St. Louis Musical Union will again take form and proceed to improve on their first season's work, and may be in the spring of 1883, if any favorable inducements are offered in the shape of substantial support, the Union *may* then be crystalized into a compact organization, with regular rehearsals year in and year out.

St. Louis possesses fine theatres, magnificent churches, but no decent hall. Yes there is the Chamber of Commerce, one of the finest in the country, both in size and accoustic properties, yet is not available. The merchants are very chary about leasing it, and, I believe, the board of directors have passed recently a resolution refusing to hire it only on grand occasions, and then the rent for one night is enormous—four hundred dollars—with the additional expense of moving the tables, chairs, blackboards and other paraphernalia with which the hall is encumbered. Then the large fountain in the middle of the hall spoils the hall for concert purposes. The location is also too far down town.

If a one-story building could be put up on Washington avenue below Twelfth street, it would be a paying investment. This would be an incentive toward getting up an orchestra.

It seems that the lovers of music, in its most beautiful forms, as the orchestra and opera, are not so numerous as they should be. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent annually in balls, parties and entertainments by the wealthy, and but few dollars devoted to music. Even when the grim reaper, death, puts in an appearance, the undertaker is given *carte blanche* as to expenses to make a show. Everything is first class except the singing. The florist is paid with a lavish hand, while, if any music or singing is engaged, the price is made beforehand, and must be low. In my ten years experience as a singer, I have taken part in the funeral services of the most wealthy, and I can state most emphatically, without fear of contradiction, that the largest bill paid for a quartette was twenty-five dollars, while the majority, paid on an average, the magnificent sum of two dollars for each singer, and if three dollars was asked by each, the bill would surely be disputed. I know whereof I speak, as I have sang at funerals of dead mayors, senators, millionaires, men of distinction, and women known for their wealth as well as for their piety. Catholic, Protestant and of no religious belief.

At weddings the same remarks are applicable. Can it be therefore surprising that we have no orchestra in this city or at the low ebb music is in? There is no use disguising the truth, however unpleasant it is.

Let a few wealthy individuals start the ball a rolling, subscribe a few thousands each and success is assured. To cultivate a taste for music would require hundreds of years, but if made fashionable, more money and patronage could be obtained in one season than would be required to run two good orchestras. Who shall be the pioneer in this much neglected field? Music with the multitude is treated like dross, and must be made fashionable in order to succeed.

THE VOICE BUILDER.

BY P. H. CRONIN, M. D.

*Lecturer on Vocal Hygiene, Lindenwood College, Surgeon Department of Throat and Lungs,
St. Louis Free Dispensary, etc.,*

"Ignorance of the right way of using the lungs and larynx, in speaking, reading and singing, has caused more cases of *bronchitis* and *pulmonary* disease among students, vocalists, clergymen and other public speakers, than all other causes combined."—KIDD.

WE ACQUIRE our first knowledge of vocal effect by imitation, as is shown in many cases of children, who, long before they can articulate distinctly, give us striking examples of correct modulation, and were the voice led along the paths of *Nature's* choosing, much laborious undoing of the mischief resulting from so-called "voice building" might be spared us in mature years.

In the vocalization of childhood we have a happy degree of expressiveness, though to that age the sombre timbre is unknown, for, only with time and its accompanying care and passion, comes the development of a quality so marked in the sympathetic voice of advancing years. Phrasing, too, is natural to the child, while almost every variety of pitch and inflection may be noticed in the voices of young boys or girls at play, and here may be learned the meaning of "clear timbre" as opposed to the sombre quality.

But, play over, and a reading lesson begun, what a contrast is noticed between the voices we now listen to and those we heard, a moment since, in the school yard. There we had variety; here we have monotony, for one tone or pitch now seems to serve for every expression of thought. In the play, *Nature* was the teacher, while in the school room the guide is the spelling book, which teaches that at a comma the voice rises, but when a period presents itself, the voice must fall.

Nature, like a good housewife, would keep everything in order by a certain amount of activity or use. So she arranges that every muscle controlling vocal action shall do its share of work in vocal effort. The spelling book, backed by the teacher, would improve on Nature's plan by forcing one or two sets of throat muscles to do the work of Nature's beautiful "unity in variety," and the result is, that the boy, who, in the play ground, can vocalize *all day*, without apparent fatigue, is voiceless after a lengthy reading lesson.

This is not an overdrawn picture, for, no doubt, reader, you can recall personal experiences similar to what we have stated, and were other evidence necessary, we would only

need to point to that *bete noir* of pulpit orators, known as "clergyman's sore throat," to prove that many very intelligent men never remedy vocal defects resulting from their first reading lessons.

If the ordinary speaking voice may be injured by misdirected exercise, what wonder is it that the singing voice should suffer from such training as it usually receives from a class of teachers who claim to be "voice builders," though ignorant of the first principles of vocal action? Such persons attempt to manipulate an organ of wonderful adaptability, yet so intricate and delicate that when once destroyed, it is *gone forever*.

They begin by fitting *all voices* to a *method*, something akin to fitting all diseases to a patent medicine. This they do without any regard to the physical or mental calibre of those to whom they give instruction. Imagine a mechanic, a carpenter for instance, using the *same* appliances for delicately grained wood that he uses in the fashioning of coarser material, and you imagine a case parallel with the up comma and down period method of many teachers of vocal music.

It is related of a once celebrated "queen of song" that on her retiring from the stage many of London's most fashionable mothers sent their children to her for instruction. She charged a guinea a lesson, and early in her new career was called upon by a "great lady," who, in making terms for her child's tuition, remarked that a certain well-known professor charged only sixteen shillings a lesson. "And well he may," replied the ex-prima donna, "for *he* teaches with his fingers and a piano, *I* with my *heart* and *voice*. He gives you a portion of his *strength*, I give you a portion of my *being*."

The story carries its own moral, which might well be remembered by those seeking instruction, for, how ridiculous it is to say that a tempered and therefore a faulty instrument like the piano or organ can in every way replace the human voice, which is *sui generis* as to quality, and which possesses a scale of intervals as perfect to-day, as when the Spartans banished Timotheus "for introducing a *new note*."

Training a voice by means of a piano, is really little better than trying to teach the violin, which is a perfect instrument, by means of a clarinet, which is poor in harmonies and has a tempered scale. From recent experiments, it has been proven that though the voice accommodates itself to the sharp fourths and flatted fifths of the general orchestra, it follows the violin as of a kindred character, both as to vibration and sensitive intervals.

Herbert Spencer, in his essay on education, says: "It has been shown that inflections and cadences (in music) are not accidental nor arbitrary, but they are determined by certain general principles of *vital* action, and that their *expressiveness* depends on this." Would that our local instructors might heed the hint conveyed by the above quotation, and abandon the *mechanical* methods of instruction, for, like a badly executed piece of sculpture, which here and there shows traces of the chisel, a mechanically trained voice, no matter what its polish, will still be "of the earth *earthy*."

Some years ago, we heard, a then, young soprano say, that she paid no attention to the *words* of a song, because her teacher told her that all the audience cared for was the music. The young lady's beauty of face and form at that period, served to conceal, in part, a faulty

voice, cursed by the acquisition of a *tremolo*. But advancing time has served to lessen her charms, while the *shake* remains as a hideous monument to the memory of her teacher, and forms the most *noticeable* feature of her performances.

Had such a voice, glorious in its promise, been trained, in keeping with natural laws, a freedom of vocalization and distinct utterance; would have left her an organ, which her fiftieth year would have found only mellowed and enriched by the hand of time, as was Grisi's voice twenty-five years after her *debut*.

Wrong methods of teaching have ruined more voices "than all things else combined," and when patients afflicted with throat affections, come to us, we invariably ask the question "Do you sing or read?" If an affirmative answer be given, a short scale or exercise will soon reveal the cause, as the action of the various muscles is noted and merely to confirm the diagnosis, a laryngoscopic examination is made, or electricity is employed.

Our next paper will be a consideration of "Methods of Breathing," a subject which, as regards the system practiced by many of our *lady* singers, is demanding the attention of medical men in Europe and America, and is one to which we have given years of earnest thought.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE Miller piano has been used at most of our best concerts here this season.

There are six young ladies at the Beethoven Conservatory studying the art of violin playing.

THERE will be a concert at St. Luke's Hospital, April 20th, for the benefit of the hospital.

MR. SHERWOOD, the great American pianist, is engaged by the Musical Union to appear at their last concert on the 27th of April.

KELLOGG, Gerster, Albani, Patti, Cary, Campanini, Del Pueute, Remmert, Whitney and hundreds of others that could be named, sang at times in Catholic Church choirs.

HARRISON MILLARD, who is noted for his good looks and trivial church music, gained popularity on two pieces: His "Mass in G," and his "Whippoorwill song."

THE next concert of the Beethoven Conservatory will take place the last week in April, under Mr. Waldauer's direction, when several new aspirants for fame will make their debut.

DR. CRONIN promises that in his article, "Method on Breathing," to appear in our next issue, he will, in a satisfactory manner, adjust a subject which is now exhaustively agitating our musical people.

PROF. C. P. MORRISON is working very hard arranging and composing a work which is to be used in the "Smith Academy," next fall, and probably it will also be introduced into the public schools.

THE Order of Chosen Friends will give a concert the first Friday in April, at corner of Lucas and Jefferson avenues. Mrs. J. H. Williamson will, on this occasion, delight the members with several very choice selections on the piano.

WE expected to give in this number a sketch of the career of the accomplished *pianiste*, Miss Lena Anton, whose artotype appears in the first part of this magazine, but owing to its unfinished state, we will have it for the next number.

THE St. Louis Choral Society have the Messiah well nigh prepared for public presentation, and are yet rehearsing every Monday and Thursday evenings. The rehearsals are largely attended, and the concert, which is set for April 12th, is sure to merit a most liberal patronage.

THE Easter services at the Second Baptist Church, promise to be grand. Dr. Cronin, and Mr. Dierkes "limber up" in their own churches, and with the balance of the choirs under the able direction of Prof. Bowman, will charm the authentic auricular appendages of the congregation.

THE Liederkrantz gave a concert at their hall, Saturday evening, March 18th. Amongst the best numbers on the programme were "Shumann Variations," "Allegro Brilliant" and "Rhapsodic of Löw," for two pianos, played by Messrs. Froehlich and Hammerstein.

JOSEPH SALOR, the favorite baritone, is evidently intent upon providing for a prospective assistant, who, we are sure, is not a baritone, for he has applied for membership in Yetove Castle, Order of the Golden Rule. Brother Rivet, of the *Republican*, is also a member, and Dr. D. P. Cronin is Prelate and Medical Examiner. So a male quartette is in the near future for this high-toned Council of Knights and Ladies.

THERE was a private musical given at the residence of Mrs. Frank P. Blair, March the 16th, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. The most interesting feature of the affair was the violin solo, "Faust Fontaine," by Alard, which was played with marked success, by Master Theodore Bernays Spiering. The entertainment was in every way a very creditable affair.

THE last (5th) concert of the Musical Union, created the greatest furore of the season. The programme comprising compositions of Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Saint Saens and Folkmann, was highly interesting and gave universal satisfaction and delight to the vast audience assembled. We heartily congratulate Mr. Waldauer, the able conductor of the Musical Union for his eminent success, to make these concerts a pride of St. Louis and of the liberal minded citizens who have so nobly assisted and supported them.

THE controversy in regard to the proper method of breathing has shown that many singers, and we may say teachers, know little about the matter. We are glad that a scientific and physiological guide is afforded the singers of the city by Dr. Cronin's lucid explanation, in answer to his anonymous critic, who asserted the Doctor did not know what he was talking about, when he attacked the type of breathing usually taught singers, male and female alike. The sooner all classes of artists came back to nature as the unit of all art, the better will be the results of this labor.

IT may be said that if a singer has served an apprenticeship in a choir of a Catholic Church, it is as good as a diploma. Nay, if rated a good singer, it is better. The majority of the prominent singers of this city to-day learned nearly all what they know in a Catholic choir. Call all the singers of any ability together and without rehearsal can grandly render any one of at least fifty masses and at least one hundred offertory pieces. Let the beginner bear this in mind. This, not only is the case here in this city, but equally applicable the world over.

THE TESTIMONIAL CONCERT, tendered by the St. Louis Musical Union to Miss Lena Anton, through their director, Mr. Waldauer, will be April 19th, 1882. Besides a number of splendid orchestral and vocal selections the principal features of the programme will be the beautiful Piano Concerto of Ad. Henseht, played by Miss Anton, with orchestra accompaniment. Fine vocal solos of our favorite vocalists, Mrs. Lateij, the Messrs. Bronson and Salor. In the second part of the programme Miss Anton will play piano solos from Brahms, Chopin, Grieg, etc. This testimonial concert, we may surely predict, will prove to be the greatest musical success of the season, and we sincerely hope that it will also be a financial success to our St. Louis artist.

MR. RICHARD MADDERN, the musical director at Pope's, combines both talent and tact in the management of his orchestra. His repertoire seems inexhaustible, as he has given us more new music than any theatrical leader we have had, and in a style and finish that more pretentious organizations would do well to imitate. His selections are always appropriate to the character of the performance, and the inimitable manner in which they are rendered, serve to make the "entre act" music, one of the attractive features of the performance. We are glad to be able to announce that Manager Pope has been fortunate enough to re-engage his services for another season.

PHILHARMONIC QUINTETT CLUB.—(Messrs. Spiering, Böhmen, Anton, Mayer and Hammerstein) gave their sixth concert at the Memorial Hall, March 13th, before a large and appreciative audience. The first part of the programme consisted of two movements of a Beethoven Quartett, one movement of a Hummel Trio and a Quartett arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home" by Langey. The second part consisted of the beautiful D minor Quartett (Theme and variations) by Schubert, and the grand Quintette, Op. 70, B minor of Ouslow, waitten for Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello and Basso. The Schubert Quartett is the gem of all string quartettes written, and was excellently played by the club, and in response to an encore, they gave Haydn's "Serenade." The Quintett consists of three movements (a) Allegro Grandioso, (b.) Andantino, (c.) Finale. In the Allegro the performers showed a little

nervousness, but in the next two movements they played grandly. This Qunitett is one of most difficult works of its kind, and abounds in difficulties and intricate passages for all the instruments, the piano especially having a prominent part. The club was assisted by Louis Mayer, Jr., who played the bass and did his part nobly.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PRESS CLUB ROOMS.—The Press Club were entertained on the evening of March 15th by a number of our prominent citizens and musicians. It was pronounced by those present, to have been one of the most enjoyable given by this hospitable society. Col. Slayback recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade," as he alone can recite it—which means excellently. Prof. McDowell gave a humorous recitation which elicited loud and well merited applause. Messrs. McGinnis, McMinn, B. Dierkes and Ferris gave vocal selections, which were beautifully rendered and highly appreciated. Mr. Schroi's rendering of Wieniauski's difficult Morceau for violin created a marked impression, not only on account of purity of tone, but principally through his masterly conception. Last, but not least, the Eppstein Bros., who contributed several fine gems, were awarded the highest encomiums for their brilliant and finished execution. The affair closed with a lunch and clinking of glasses, after which all wended their way homeward contented with their evening's pastime.

FOR a really fine piano, see the "Henry F. Miller.

"Ha lo!"—Hammerstein.

"Dar deng da!"—Mayer.

"What you know?"—Rivet.

"Are you insured?"—Poindexter.

"Who said I was cranky?"—Navo.

"STUDY hard you singers."—Balmer.

"JUST say I played there."—Spiering.

"Did you see my brother?"—Eppstein.

"I don't care who makes the newspapers."—Waldauer.

"———!"—Bondi.

"I have the best violin collection in the country."—Anton.

"I am going to bring out soon a phenomenal voice."—Allman.

"THE abdominal breathing for boys, not for girls."—Dr. Cronin.

"That is my regular business, selling the Miller piano."—Kieselhorst.

ADOLPH E. KROEGER.

I.

In the misty Afar
He arose like a star,
With light of the dead ages glowing,
And illumed with his beam
The wild Westering stream
Of Earth's milk and honey full flowing.

II.

From the Rhineland he came
With ambition a-flame—
As rosy as spring-morning's skies:
To the land of free-thought
Brightest talents he brought,
And genius beamed in his eyes.

III.

At the dull toil of life,
'Mid its longings and strife,
In front rank he struggled to rise:
And with heart, head and pen,
Made his way among men,
As victor assured of the prize.

IV.

The old world and the new—
He kept both in his view—
At each careful step of his way:
And his friends knew full well,—
If he stumbled and fell—,
That accident led him astray.

V.

For the truth, for the right
He gave all of his might;
For Friendship he inwardly bled;
But his star in eclipse
Set a seal on his lips.
And ere he had lived he was dead.

THOS. E. GARRETT.

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"SPRING SYMPHONY."

W. H. POMMER.

PIANO.

Allegretto scherzando.

p leggiero.

pp

p

mf poco marcato.

ritard.

p tempo.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the final measure. Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure. Dynamics: *f*. Text: FINE.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the final measure. Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure. Dynamics: *p*.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the final measure. Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure. Dynamics: *sempre. p*.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the final measure. Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a fermata over the final measure. Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a first ending bracket labeled "1st." and a second ending bracket labeled "2d.". Bass staff has a fermata over the final measure. Dynamics: *cres.*, *f*. Text: D. C. al Fine.

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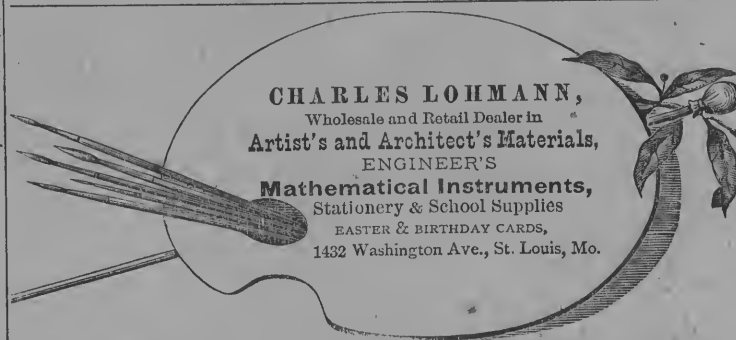
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